AMERICAN ATHLETES WHO ARE DEFYING FATHER TIME

MEN WHO HAVE BEEN CHAMPIONS FOR TWENTY TO FORTY YEARS AND ARE STILL AT THE TOP OF THEIR CLASSES

WHEN Dr. Osler looks at men like Collier, polo player; Fitzsimmons, boxer; Ed Geers, driver of trotters; Lave Cross, Jake Beckley, Jim McGuire, and Kid Gleason, ball players; Jake Schaefer, billiard master; Ewing Stille, tennis crack, and Edward Payson Weston, pedestrian, he must feel like going out of business. Weston only lately broke a phenomenal walking record he himself estabished forty years ago, and all the others are so skilled in their lines that they need ask no handicaps of men young enough to be their grandsons.

FATHER TIME has no terrors for some of the champions.

Men like Collier, polo player; Fitzsimmons, boxer; Weston, pedestrian; Lave Cross, ball player; Ewing Stille, tennis star; Jake Schaefer, billiard expert, and Ed Geers, harness driver, laugh at Dr. Osler and his choloform.

They are still stars at their favorite games, and mean to stay for quite a while yet.

Baseball is a hard, strenuous game. Ten years is supposed to be about a man's limit of good service, yet there are a number who have been playing twice that length of time.

Lave Cross, of the Washington Americans, began in league company at Altoona, in 1885, in the Pennsylvania State League. He is still good enough to hold his place at third base on the Washington club, and during the whole period he has never been out of the big leagues since he quit Altoona.

Not only is Cross not a "dead one," athletically speaking, but he is very much alive. His work with Washington this season has been the equal, if not superior, of any third baseman in either league. His fielding has at times been phenomenal, while his batting has been timely and hard. When Cross first came to Washington there were many cries of "get the sponge and Oslerize him." Now the baseball fans of the Capital realize that he is the most valuable individual the team has acquired in the last four or five years.

Like many of the other old-timers Cross is fond of talking about retiring, but, bless you, he is apt to be playing star baseball in a major league five years from now. There is no reason why he shouldn't. He doesn't dissipate in any way, and sees that he gets his eight and nine hours of sleep every night, no matter what attractions may appear to keep him awake. These temperate and sensible habits have caused his legs to be as nimble, his eye as clear, and his arm as strong today as they were twenty years ago. He has lost none of his ambition or enthusiasm, either. He plays just as hard and takes defeat just as much to heart now as when he first went into baseball to make a living.

The term of service of Jim McGuire, the New York American catcher, has been quite as long, and Jake Beckley, of St. Louis, and Kid Gleason, of the Phillies, each have put in their score of years on the diamond.

None of these men are hanging on by the eyelids. All are still good, and if released would be quickly snapped up by some other team.

Fitzsimmons has long been rated as the wonder of the ring. No one knows just when he was born, but he owns that forty-eight years have passed since he came into being at Helsingfors, Cornwall. Bob was old when he came to this country, and beat Dempsey. He had already had a long ring career, but he went right along, meeting everybody, and it took no less a phenomenon than Jeffries himself to finally bring his freckles to the canvas in defeat.

Fitz is still up and doing. Only a short time ago he went through hard training for a match with Tommy Burns, the bout being called off by the interference of Governor Pennypacker, and he is now dickering for another chance at Jack O'Brien, his conqueror.

A Polo Player at 65

A polo player at sixty-five. There is only one. He is P. F. Collier, owner of Collier's Weekly, a man of wealth, father of the editor who recently downed Town Topics and Colonel Mann. Mr. Collier is the most ardent of horsemen, and has been playing polo for twenty-five years. He is a member of both the Lakewood and Rockaway clubs, and has been connected with teams that won championships.

Several times during recent years it has been his misfortune to be injured, once he sustained a broken collarbone. But these mishaps have left his enthusiasm unabated, and he is playing again this year in as good form as ever.

Men young enough to be his grandsons are no more skillful than the gray-haired veteran.

Tennis, like polo, keeps a man on the go. There are few more exhausting games. From the time the first ball is served to the finish it is a ceaseless strain, and the least weakening may bring defeat.

Decidedly not a game for old timers, one would say, and yet the name of Ewing Stille is always found in the list of entries for the State championship tourneys of Pennsylvania, and he has even been found among the aspirants for the national title.

Mr. Stille is past the sixty mark, his hair and mustache are gray, yet he is a first-class player, and the man who beats him knows that he has been working some.

The trotting season has just opened, and the best harness horses are preparing for their trials at the big purses. It is noticeable that in the roster of drivers who will hold the reins in the big events is to be found the name of Ed Geers. He is another old timer who declines to be counted out.

Seventy-one Years Old

Geers is now seventy-one years old. He has won more money than any reinsman in the business, and he acknowledges no superior today when it comes to handling a trotter or pacer through the mazes of an exciting race where the skill of the driver is second only to the speed of the horse.

In his long career Geers has won a half million dollars, and his integrity has never been questioned. He is always favored in the betting, and where two horses are about even in speed it is the one that has Geers for driver who carries the money.

Geers' shoulders have become rounded from the driving position, but he is never excited, and does all the work with hands. He has developed many famous winners, and says he expects to produce more in the years of activity that remain to him.

Billiards has a number of noted experts who are closely pressing the three score mark. Vignaux, Slosson, and Schaefer, though lately forced to yield the championship to young Hoppe, are next to him the best players in the game.

Jacob Schaefer's billiard experience tells the history of the game in this country. He has been playing for thirty-three years, and began when three-ball carroms was the form of billiards by which the champions were determined.

He made his first appearance at Washington Hall, Indianapolis, October 5, 1873. In the interval he has figured in many tournaments, winning the championship first in 1879, and capturing the first balk line tourney in 1883. He also had the honor of training the two greatest young phenomenous in the history of billiards, the late Frank Ives and Willie Hoppe, the present premier.

After 43 Years Broke His Record

Cricket is a game whose votaries are able to play until well along in life. Thus Dr. W. G. Grace, undoubtedly the most famous figure in the world of cricket, the first man who ever rolled up a century of centuries is now past sixty, yet still managers to be picked to represent his county in contests for the championship of England.

The eye does not seem to lose its craft for shooting even after age would be expected to dim in aim. Thus Buffalo Bill, who has been before the public in various guises for the last four decades, is still a marvelous expert with the rifle, and can perform all the feats that first won the admiration of the public and the undying affection of the small boy.

George Kistler, of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the foremost swimmers in the United States, who is shortly to make an attempt to swim the English channel, is rapidly approaching the fifty mark, but he has few rivals when it comes to distance swimming.

In 1863, a wiry, muscular man of twenty-five startled the sporting world by walking from Philadelphia to New York in less than twenty-four hours. This feat was then considered little short of a marvel, and the time made then stood for forty-three years.

A few weeks ago the record was broken, the time being reduced by twenty-seven minutes.

The man who lowered the record was the same who had established it—Edward Payson Weston.

Although forty-three years had elapsed, and the youngster of twenty-five had become the veteran of sixty-eight, he was a better walker than he had been way back in war time.

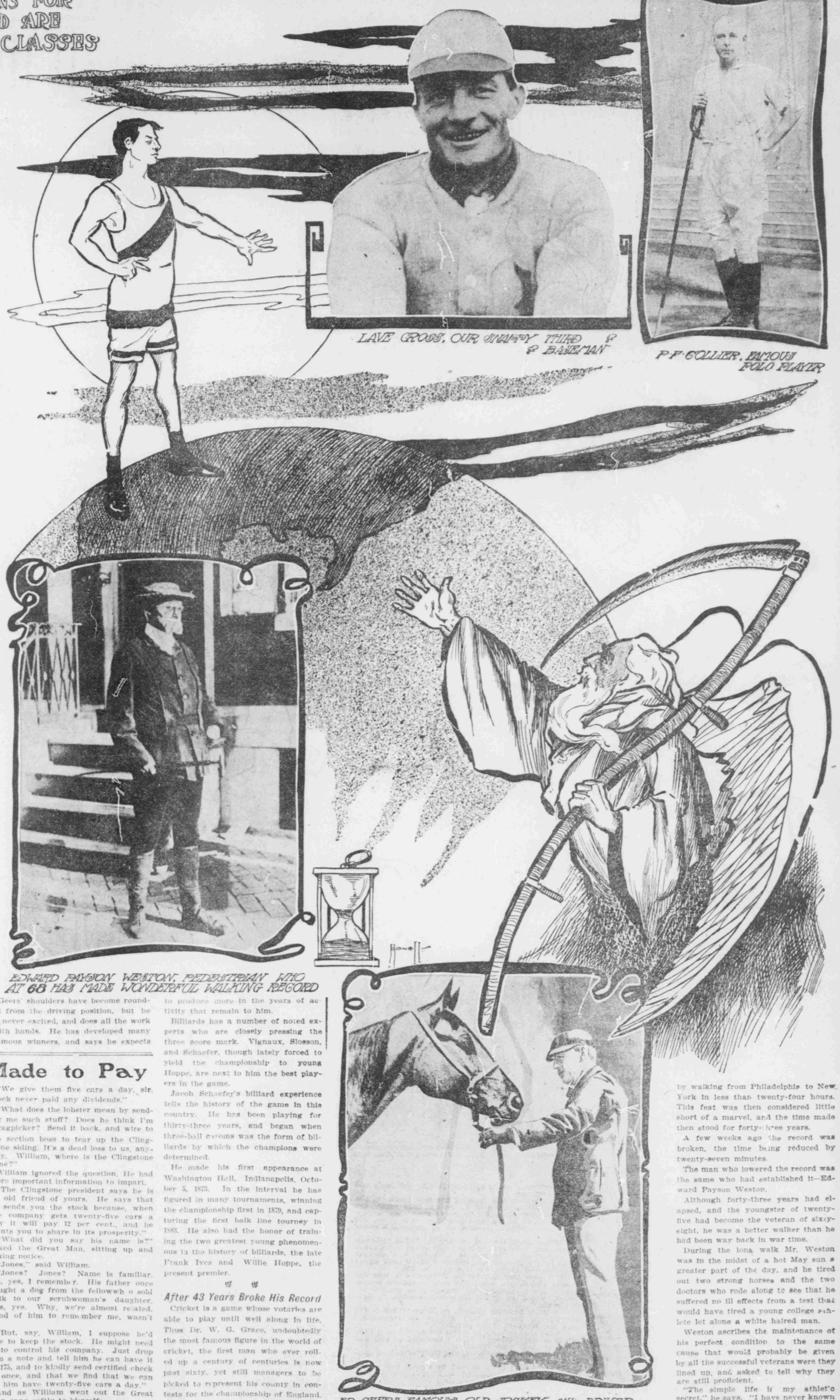
During the long walk Mr. Weston was in the midst of a hot May sun a greater part of the day, and he tired out two strong horses and the two doctors who rode along to see that he suffered no ill effects from a test that would have tired a young college athlete let alone a white haired man.

Weston ascribes the maintenance of his perfect condition to the same cause that would probably be given by all the successful veterans were they lined up, and asked to tell why they are still proficient.

"The simple life is my athlet'c secret," he says. "I have never known the taste of liquor, and have never smoked. I eat only one solid meal a day, thus saving the stomach from over-work. The remainder of the time I take liquid food.

"I really expect to be able to duplicate my walk to New York ten years from now."

This cheerfulness is not the least requisite to keeping an athlete young.



LAVE CROSS, OUR SNAPPY THIRD & BASEMAN

P F COLLIER, FAMOUS POLO PLAYER

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, PEDESTRIAN WHO AT 68 HAS MADE WONDERFUL WALKING RECORD

ED GEERS, FAMOUS OLD JOCKEY AND DRIVER

How Railroading Can Be Made to Pay

"GOOD morning, William," said the great railroad manager, as he entered his office on the steenth floor of Broad street station.

He felt particularly gracious that morning. On the train in he had read an article in Buncombe's Business Magazine, in which the swift rise of Great Men in the railroad world was offered to the ambitious youth of the nation as a cheering proof that merit still reaps its reward, despite the carping of the shiftless and incompetent, who are left behind in the race for position and power.

He had seen the portraits of Great Men garnished with flattering captions and scenes about their palatial country homes were pictured as inspirations to young men who had tireless energy, quick wit and unswerving honesty to recommend them.

"William"—and the Great Man beamed on his secretary—"this is a wonderful country for young men. There are no heights to which they may not aspire if they have the capacity for work and are worthy of trust."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, with becoming humility, as one in the presence of eminent merit.

"Integrity, William—integrity and the strictest honesty, are requisites for every successful career."

"Yes, sir," said William again.

"Well, William, let us get to business. What have we this morning?"

The Great Man let his eye wander over a long table on which were spread a bewildering assortment of articles.

"Ah! ah!" said he. "Another case of wine. Poor stuff, though," as he looked at the label. "Can buy it at retail for six a quart. Who sent that, William?"

"That was from the Black Rock Company, sir. They said that they'd like to have their allotment increased to twenty-five cars a day. They're getting twenty now."

"Humph! Have I got any of their stock?"

"Yes, sir; twenty-five shares. It's quoted at 95 this morning."

"Cut 'em down to fifteen. That ought to wake 'em up."

"Yes, sir."

"Have this wine sent out to my house, William. And this diamond ring, take it down and see if it's the real thing. I see it's from Bony & Slate. I don't trust those fellows; but they won't fool your uncle."

"Ah! there's a watch. I have eleven already, but I'll give this to the coachman. I always give him something on his birthday. That is, I always have since it got to be so that I didn't know what to do with all the stuff that comes in here."

The brows of the Great Man lowered.

"William, do you want a clock? Some chump has sent me another ormolu clock. I use them to throw at the cats out at my house."

"Yes, sir. I suppose I could hock it, sir."

"All right, take it along. And what's this? An order for a pair of carriage horses. And here's a case of dog biscuits, and a ham, and a basket of eggs, and a Bible, and a scarfpin—did you test that, William? We can't be too particular about jewelry, you know. And a banjo for the boy, I suppose, and—

"Say, William, didn't I get any stock this morning?"

"Yes, sir. Here's a hundred shares of Clingstone at fifty per."

"Clingstone? Clingstone? Never heard of it. Do we carry their coal?"

"We give them five cars a day, sir. Stock never paid any dividends."

"What does the lobster mean by sending me such stuff? Does he think I'm a ragpicker? Send it back, and wire to the section boss to tear up the Clingstone siding. It's a dead loss to us, anyway. William, where is the Clingstone mine?"

William ignored the question. He had more important information to impart.

"The Clingstone president says he is an old friend of yours. He says that he sends you the stock because, when the company gets twenty-five cars a day it will pay 12 per cent., and he wants you to share in its prosperity."

"What did you say his name is?" asked the Great Man, sitting up and taking notice.

"Jones," said William.

"Jones? Jones? Name is familiar. Oh, yes, I remember. His father once bought a dog from the fellowwh o sold milk to our scrubwoman's daughter. Yes, yes. Why, we're almost related. Kind of him to remember me, wasn't it?

"But, say, William, I suppose he'd like to keep the stock. He might need it to control his company. Just drop him a note and tell him he can have it at 175, and to kindly send certified check at once, and that we find that we can let him have twenty-five cars a day."

And as William went out the Great Man sang softly to himself:

"Dere's cars on de sidin' awaitin' to be filled;
And dere's a big check comin' when de coal it is billed,
We know where dere's lots more cars to be found;
But if you ain't got no money you needn't come 'round."

—Philadelphia North American.